

-----  
Title: Battle of Willowford

Author: Gotter McVay  
-----

Two hundred stood at  
Willowford,  
The day the legion  
came.

Ten score sons of  
Kernunos that fought  
in freedom's name.

They stood and faced  
their fate that day,  
though all would  
surely die.

Two hundred sworn to  
face all foes, they  
held the banner high.

Their foemen came  
two thousand strong,  
arms glittering in the  
sun.

The Kernhost stood  
unflinching stone,  
for they would yield to  
none.

They held the line at  
water's edge,  
the River Dawn ran red.  
And the live were  
soon outnumbered  
by the dying and the  
dead.

From noon till dusk  
the battle rage,  
The Kernhost lines grew  
thin.

With lowered pike  
they stood their  
ground, proud  
warriors to the end.

The red sun set  
at Willowford as the  
last Kernwarrior fell,  
But not before a  
thousand foes had found  
their way to Hell.

Two hundred fell at

Willowford  
the day the legion came.  
They fell to keep  
our homeland free, let  
our children sing their  
names.